I can no longer hold me patient,
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by on depos'de, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will *I* make, before *I* let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that *I* haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo: The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plaugde thy bloodie deede.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu Mar. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
As out by murder, to make him a king.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wale
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wale
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lo. Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull with

Q. M. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that *I* can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the trubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors while thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors forth, deerest friends.
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou elvish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy nativitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for *I* had thought